

The Diamond Cross Mystery

BY CHESTER K. STEELE

There Is a Mysterious Cross of Diamonds; a Watch With a Poisoned Needle; High Voltage Electric Wires; an East Indian; Convict Who Wants to Confess; Girl With Money Who Defends Indicted Suspect—and—Read the Story

THIS was only one sound which broke the intense stillness of the jewelry shop on that fateful April morning. That sound was the ticking of the watch in the hand of the dead woman.

Outside, the rain was falling. Not a heavy downpour which splashed cheerfully on umbrellas and formed swollen streams in the gutters, whence they rushed toward the sewer basins, carrying with them an accumulation of sticks, leaves and dirt.

Early paper boys slunk along the slippery streets, trying to protect their limp wares from becoming mere blotters. The gongs of the few trolley cars that were sent out to take the early toilers to their tasks rang as though covered with a blanket of fog. The thud of the feet of the milkmen's horses was muffled, and the rattle of bottles seemed to come from afar off, as though over some misty lake.

James Darcy, shivering as he arose, silently protesting, from his warm bed, pulled on his garments audibly grumbling, the grumble becoming a voiced protest as he shuffled in his slippers along the corridor above the jewelry shop and went down the private stairs into the main salesroom.

The electric light in front of the massive safe seemed to loom at him with a bleared eye like that of a toper, who, having spent the night in convivial company, found himself, most unaccountably, on his own doorstep in the gray dawn.

"Raining!" murmured James Darcy, as he reached over to switch on the light above the little table where he set precious stones into gold and platinum of rare and beautiful designs. "Raining and cold! I wish the steam was on."

Strange that James Darcy should have thought of them as he looked at the rain outside, heard its drip, drip, drip on the windows, and saw the fog and swirls of mist inside and without the store. Strange and—

First, as he gazed at the prostrate body—the horrid red blotch like a gay ribbon in the white hair—he thought, the small, faintest sound which seemed to fill the room was the beating of her heart. Then, as he listened, his ears attuned with fear, he knew it was the ticking of the watch in the hand of the dead woman.

James Darcy rubbed his eyes, as

though to clear them from the fog. He rubbed them again—he paused, his hand before his face as if cobwebs had drifted there—he touched his ears, which seemed not a part of himself.

"Tick-tick! Tick-tick! Tick-tick!" The sound seemed to grow louder. It was not her heart.

"Hello! Come here, somebody! Amelia! What's the matter? Sal! Sal! Sal! Wake up! Hello, somebody! She's dead! Killed! There's been a murder! I must get the police!"

To cross the store to reach the door meant stepping over the body of the grotesquely twisted body, with the white, upturned face and the little spot of red, near where the silver comb had fallen from the silver-haired head. And so Darcy changed his mind—he ran to the side door, fumbled with the lock, flung back the portal, and then rushed out in the rain and drizzle, the fog streaming after him as he parted the mist like long white streamers of ribbon, such as they appeared about the door for the young as the aged.

"Hello! Hello!" shouted Darcy into the silent rain and mist of the early morning street, now deserted save for himself.



"LOOKS MORE LIKE HER HEAD'S BUSTED IN," SAID THONG BRUSQUELY. "WHO FOUND HER THIS WAY?"

Then a rattling milk wagon swung around the corner. It was followed by another.

"Hello! Hello! There—you!" called Darcy hoarsely.

"What's the matter?" asked the first man, as he swung down from his vehicle with a wire carrier filled with bottles in his hand.

"Somebody's been hurt—killed—a relative of mine! I want to tell the police. It's in that jewelry store."

The milkman whistled, set his collection of bottles back in his wagon, and hurried with Darcy toward the store. The other man, bringing his rattling vehicle to a stop, followed.

"Where is she?" whispered Casey, as soon as he reached the side of his business rival, Tremlain.

over it and put the backs of his hands fingers on the white, wrinkled and shrunken cheeks. They were cold and waxlike to his touch.

"She's dead," he whispered softly. "Better get the police right away."

The milkmen looked quickly at Darcy.

"Yes, the clocks have all stopped," Darcy said, wetting his lips with his tongue. "I didn't notice it before, though I did hear the watch in her hand ticking—I thought it was her heart beating—I guess I said that before—I don't know what I am saying. This has upset me frightfully."

"I should think it would," agreed Casey. "Funny thing about the clocks all stopping, though."

"And they've all stopped at different times!" added Tremlain. "That's funny, too."

"Isn't there any one else in the house?" asked Tremlain, for there were living-rooms above the jewelry store—a substantial brown stone building of the style of three decades ago.

"Only Sal! Sal! Page, the cook. She's deaf, and she'll be more of a nuisance than a help. Mrs. Darcy's maid won't be in until noon. I don't want to be left."

Casey was about to telephone, when Tremlain, who had gone out into the alley from the side door, hurried back to report:

"Here comes a cop now. Saw the crowd, I guess. We can just tell him what we saw Casey, and then slide along. I'm late as it is."

"So'm I!"

"Looks like the old lady was murdered," Casey answered. "I was just going to telephone to headquarters. He told briefly what he knew, which was corroborated by Tremlain, then the two left to cover their routes, leaving their addresses to the policeman."

The crowd grew larger. From outside it looked like a convention of madmen. The rain still drizzled and turned to steam and mist as it warmed on the many bodies in the throng—a mist that mingled with that of the pair itself.

"Then, slide out of here—take a walk!" advised Mulligan, as he shoved out some of the men and boys who had entered. "Get out! You can read all about it in the papers. The reporters'll be here soon enough."

He added with a wink at Darcy, "I'll lock the door and keep the crowd out. The sleuths can knock when they get here. Where's your phone? I'll have to report to the station."

"How'd it happen?" he asked, as he came back from the instrument and leaned against a showcase containing much glittering silver. "Who did it—when—how?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Darcy, turning away so as not to see the faces now pressed against both the front and side doors, each being locked from the inside. "I found her just as she is now, and called in the milkmen, who happened to be passing. I had come down to the store early to do a little repair job, and the first thing I saw was—her!"

"What time did it happen?" "I don't even know that. All the clocks have stopped. I don't usually wind the watches that are left for repair unless I'm regulating them, and I haven't any like that in now. The only thing going is that clock watch."

"What one watch? I do hear something ticking," and the policeman looked at Darcy. "What watch?"

"The one—in her hand." "Oh, I see! Well, we'll leave that for the county physician. He'll notify him from the precinct. Now cover your last night—was there any row—any noise? Did you hear anything?"

"I didn't hear anything—much. The only lot of noise around here until after midnight—theatre and moving picture places let out about 11.30. I awoke once in the night, but I guess that doesn't matter."

Darcy made a move as though to go to the rear of the store, whence a side door gave entrance to the stairs leading to the rooms above.

"I'll go with you," said Mulligan, and he shoved himself to an erect posture by forcing his elbows against the showcase on which he had been leaning in a manner to give himself as much rest as possible without sitting down—it was a way he had, ac-

quired from long patrolling at city streets.

"You—you'll go with me?" faltered Darcy.

"Yes, to call the cook. She won't run away," and he nodded toward the dead woman.

"Oh! There was a world of meaning in Darcy's interjection. 'You mean that I—'

"I don't mean nothing!" broke in Mulligan. "I leave that to the gum-shoe men. Come on, if you want to call what's-her-name."

"Hark!" exclaimed Mulligan, as he and Darcy came downstairs after having roused Sal! Page. "What's that?"

"Some one is knocking," remarked his companion.

"Maybe it's the men from headquarters," said Mulligan.

"It was—Carroll and Thong, who always teamed it when there was a case of sufficient importance, as this seemed to be. They were insistent knocking at the side door, having forced their way through the crowd, that was still there—larger than even, maintaining positions in spite of the dripping, driving, drizzling rain."

"Killed, eh?" murmured Carroll, as he bent over the body.

"Guns?" asked Thong, who was making a quick wide inventory of the interior of the place.

"No; doesn't seem so. Looks more like her head's busted in. Hit with something. Doc Warren can tend to that end of it. Now let's get down to business. Who found her this way?"

"I did," answered Darcy.

"And who are you?" "Her second cousin. Her name was Mrs. Amelia Darcy, and her husband and my father were first cousins. I have worked for her about seven years—ever since just after her husband died. She continued his business. It's one of the oldest in the city and—"

"Yes, I know. When did you find her like this?"

"About half an hour ago. I got up a little before 6 o'clock to do some repair work on a man's watch. He wanted to get the early train out of town."

"I see. And you found the old lady like this?" "Well, I found her like this. Better take a look around. It's probably a robbery. You know the stock don't you?"

"As well as she did herself. I've been doing the buying lately."

"What's the dope?" asked a reporter who had just come in.

"Don't know yet," answered Carroll. "The old lady's dead—murdered. It looks like—and—"

"What's that?" interrupted Thong.

"What's that ticking sound?" asked Darcy, and his voice was hoarse whisper.

(To Be Continued.)

Pauline Furlong's Talks On Health and Beauty

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Skin Bleaching.

THERE is a vast difference between a tanned or sun-burned skin and one which is muddy and yellow from disordered system or lazy liver. Each must be treated in an entirely different manner, one locally and the other internally. It is not possible to remove freckles and a deep coat of tan without removing the outer surface of the skin, and skin peeling is the only method which will take off this outer layer or surface skin.

Skin peeling may be gentle or otherwise, and the mild or home treatments are always to be recommended in preference to quicker and more strenuous ones, which reddens the skin and gradually bring off large pieces of dead cuticle, making it necessary for the patient to retire from public view for nearly a month. This latter treatment gives a thorough new skin, and when applied to face, neck and withered hands, really leaves marvelous results which last about a year, when the process has to be repeated. The deep skin peeling, which is done with powerful and dangerous drugs, should only be done by a professional, and to attempt to put carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury and other powerful skin peelers on the skin is a very foolish, as well as dangerous practice.

Equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice make an effective and absolutely harmless bleach for freckles and tan, and when it is found to irritate the skin and cause redness, it is best to use it only every other day until desired results are attained. Leave this preparation on the skin whenever convenient, and when removing it, use warm water with a few drops of tincture of benzoin, added to further aid the bleaching and whitening.

A mixture of a tablespoonful salt and the same of fresh milk made into a paste and spread over freckles will remove them, if the treatment is followed persistently. Apply the paste to clean skin and then, when the moisture from the milk has been absorbed and the salt is dry, remove the excess with warm water and rub a little buttermilk over the freckles with a puff of cotton. If the skin burns and appears red after this treatment, do not repeat it until the skin is normal again.

KWIZ

UNDER this heading The Evening World conducts a short daily educational feature. Here are the answers to the questions printed in this column Saturday:

- ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S KWIZ.**
1. The familiar expression is "pure as a lily."
 2. The source of the St. Lawrence River is in Eastern Canada, and it flows west to empty into Lake Ontario.
 3. Cleo de Merode is a French actress conspicuous as a favorite of the late King Leopold of Belgium.
 4. Stephen Collins Foster was the author of "The Swanee River."
 5. In Greek mythology Pan was an Arcadian woodland spirit. He is represented as horned, goat-footed, playing on pipes.

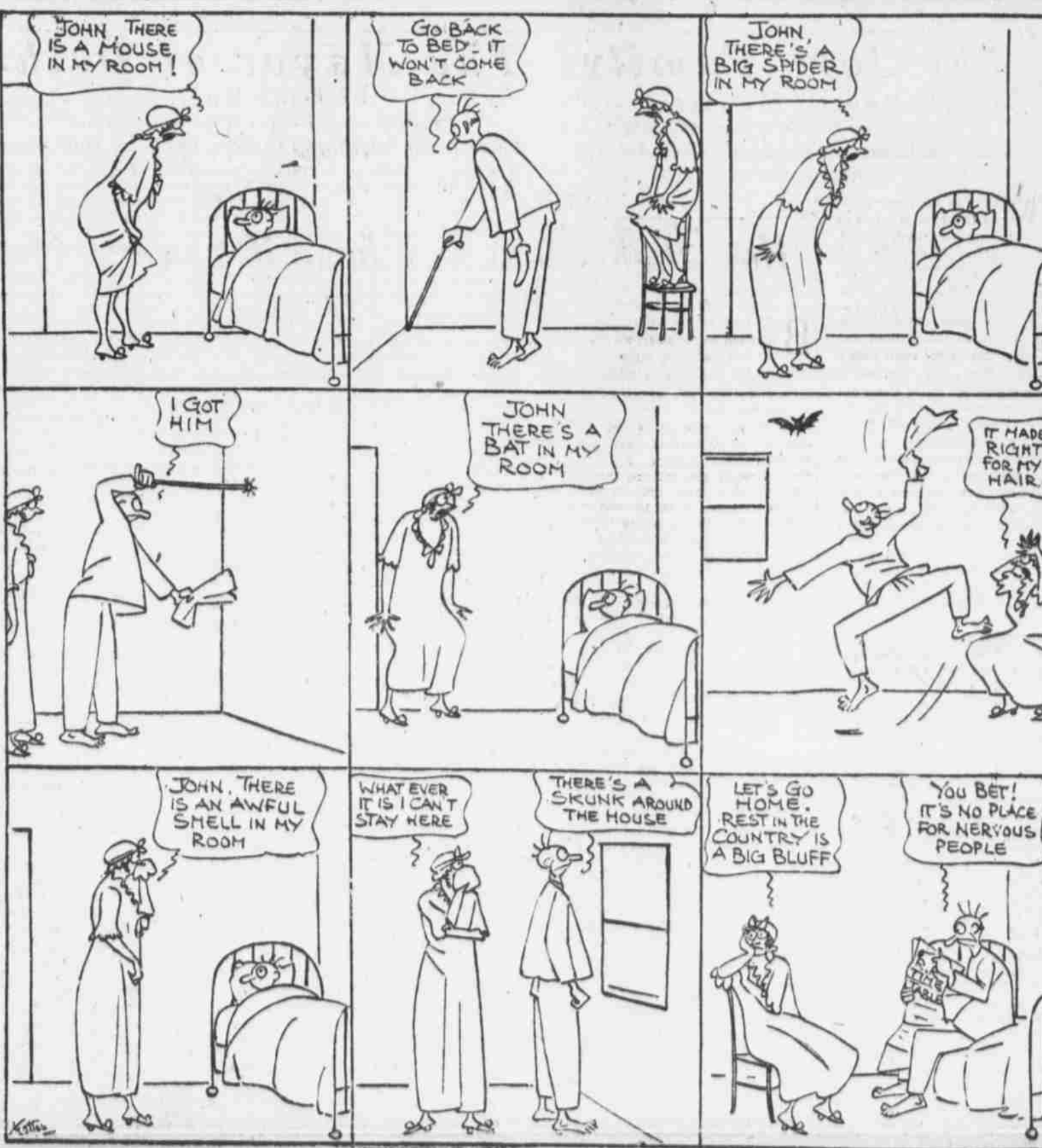
6. Harvard University was founded near Boston in 1636.
7. Southern California is notable for production of oranges.
8. A firing step is an elevated position in a trench where soldiers stood guard and held "no man's land" under constant surveillance.
9. The insignia of a Colonel of the United States Army is a silver eagle.
10. Andrew Bonar Law is a celebrated British statesman.

- NEW QUESTIONS.**
1. What were "trade" dollars?
 2. What is the final word in the expression: "As meek as a—"
 3. For what profession do the initials "C. S." stand for?
 4. Where are the Sierra Madre Mountains?
 5. What is a ragout, pronounced "ragoot?"
 6. What class of Russian people were called the "intelligentsia" and why?
 7. What is the meaning of the term "outlawed" as applied to a debt?
 8. Of what country was Cleopatra the queen?
 9. What is dynamite?
 10. Who is Samuel Gompers?

The Day of Rest!

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By Maurice Ketten



New and Original Designs for the Smart Woman

By Mildred Lodewick

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A Street Frock of Dignified Lines.

FRANCE seems to be making a strong headway with our American women, who, however, were slow at first in adopting it. The reason no doubt is the conservative nature of us, who shrink at anything conspicuous, especially in the street. It is for this reason we will not allow the French to force upon us their mode for knee-length skirts, though I might add, without guessing at the truth of it, that we could present a much more attractive picture than any that I have seen of them. But to return to fringe, it has appeared recently in new and interesting interpretations that are more suitable for the street than the kind generally employed, which, when one is in motion, splashes about so conspicuously. The newest fringe is made of ribbon anywhere from three-eighths of an inch wide to one inch, and is frequently in two-tone quality, showing the dress color on the outside, and a contrasting color underneath. A tiny weight is sometimes sewn to the end of each length of ribbon which confines it, but if the ribbon is of good heavy quality this is not necessary. I am showing a pretty blue serge frock that features such a fringe, that is of blue and black two-tone, while the embroidery also is of the two tones. The frock is a one-piece model, the fringe being dropped from a slash that encircles the hip line, instead of from a separate section. The square armholes, embroidery-trimmed, give an interesting look to the bodice, which



RIBBON FRINGE PRETTILY FEATURED.

is further enhanced with embroidery at the front which continues down the skirt. Embroidered cuff pieces complete the sleeves, below which white satin under-cuff adds a smart and refreshing touch that corresponds with the satin collar. A black satin belt defines the waist line.

NEW WAY OF SALTING MEAT
Meat which can be kept for several months is salted in Colombia by plugging it into the sea.